A REAL Veiled Bride

Through a locked door she listened to his plea for forgiveness.

BALTIMORE.—Romance dead?

Some one said so recently, and a few days afterward, a Baltimore doctor led to the altar a woman wearing a veil. After the ceremony, when she lifted it, for the first time did he behold the woman he had married.

Romance dead?

Whoever reads the papers knows that romance lives joyous and unbounded, triumphing over space, over convention, over bigoted prejudices.

It is the very age of romance. A dark day it is that fails to record some new invention, some fresh story of success achieved over insurmountable difficulties; the victory of some bold lover who has snatched his lass from parents deaf to the appeal of youth that must be served.

Today romance has the courage of its convictions. Romance has its rights. Judges, juries, public opinion bow before it, rejoice in it. Romance is the pearl in the oyster, the half obliterated masterpiece in the second-hand store, the yellow tint in the prospector's pan, the golden note in the amateur's voice. In every phase of human activity romance has its place and its turn. And the best and most gracious of its qualities is that you never know when or where it may manifest itself.

Take the story of the doctor and his veiled bride.

Doubtless he is known to thousands of people in Baltimore. An Englishman, by birth, as James W. Hellyer he officiates and does business as the agent of a Cuban land company. But having an active and aspiring mind he took up medicine some time ago, passed his examinations and practices under the name of Dr. Francis W. Hartley. He is twice a widower and is fifty-six years of age.

Not Beyond Age of Romance.

Stop! You thing that a twice widower of fifty-six and romance are incompatible?

You do not know life, then.

If you have lived right and your veins are young, you begin at fifty to realize the possibilities of the splendid and wonderful game that life is. Just remember, please, that Harriman was over fifty before he saw the Promised Land of the Union Pacific. And was not that perennial youth, Andrew Carnegie, well over the meridian before he entered fully into the kingdom of steel?

Our Dr. Hartley is just fifty-six and has faith. Faith is far more necessary than bread, for one never needs bread who has faith. He is vital, this Dr. Hartley, genial and generous, exuberant. Over-zealous, perhaps, if you don't understand that he has rather more vividness of imagination than the average person.

There came to visit him in Baltimore a friend of his, an officer of the Cuban land company. He is a good fellow and a proper man, but it's a lonely life off there among Cubans. So he confided to the Doctor.

The Doctor prescribed a wife. Fine. But how is one to get a wife out of land like that—a wife means a campaign. How is one to prosecute a campaign living far off in Cuba?

"There's a woman, your woman, your soul-mate in the world," says the Doctor. "Advertise for her—advertising is good. Only foolish, narrow-minded people object to it. Advertise, man!"

Sometimes Well to Take Advice.

There are others of Dr. Hartley's type, and when one of them gives you advice you might as well succumb, because they'll take it themselves if you don't.

In this instance deponent does not say what the Cuban responded. The doctor took the burden on his own shoulders. In his vivid way he advertised. He explains the facts of his friend's case and the kind of woman his friend (he) should have to make him happy. (One is prone here to remember a certain Miles Standish and John Alden.)

It appeared—this fateful advertisement—in a matrimonial paper that is published in Boston.

There were replies. Unsatisfactory. The Cuban intendant having finished his leave of absence, returned to Cuba.

More replies came.

At last a letter.

It was guarded—inquiring—yet interested—a personality, rare, different to the Doctor, compelling, pierced through the traced signs on the white paper.

Now, Dr. Hartley has imagination which includes intuition—perhaps clairvoyance—a great many things we all use some time or other and know nothing about. Commonly, the feeling he had is called a "hunch."

When Dr. Hartley read this particular letter he realized that the woman who wrote it was not meant for his Cuban friend, but for him. She was his soul mate. If you had found him at that particular moment and had asked him to explain just why a rather stilted note containing rather careful inquiries should give him a conviction so poignant, he could not have told you any more than the man who believes in Heaven can tell you just why.

He knows.

Well, Dr. Hartley knew.

Some Inevitable Delays.

There were delays. Even in this age of romance mind does not immediately fly to mind. Letters passed back and forth. The Doctor's understanding of his true soul mate repined. More clairvoyance. Before her letters came he would sit at his desk and write out her very words that were on the way to him.

Time and again he did this, so he says.

Dr. Hartley explains that this power represented an absolute consonance of soul—a real communion of spirit. He proclaimed, vociferated, that he had found his soul mate—that there were soul mates, dull fools to the contrary, and that he knew and she knew and that he would show people the faith that was in him.

He did.

He told his friends that he would marry this correspondent of his without even setting his merely mortal eyes upon her. His intuition, his telepathic vision, had shown her to him a thousand times. If one really believes, why ask to be shown?

Ordeal a Matter of Necessity.

It is time to introduce the woman in the case—the woman who is still veiled, who must remain veiled to the altar just to prove Dr. Hartley's faith. That she deemed the ordeal important is denied. The idea has a certain value of its own, she now admits. One should marry for the mind not for the eye, she says—now. But she wasn't

He had never seen her face, which was heavily veiled during the celebration of the marriage.

a bit pleased to be made a Roman holiday of just because her prospective husband had a resounding imagination.

She is, or rather was, a Mrs. Marian Clark Arnett, the daughter of Rear-Admiral Clark of the United States navy, and she is the widow of one Frederick Arnett, a Boston banker. An accomplished, intelligent, cultured woman, forty-five years of age, of decided musical tastes, she has traveled widely, has an excellent social position and is, perhaps, the last person one would think of as a candidate for marriage through a matrimonial paper.

One need not be clairvoyant to realize that this conservative and highly respectable lady resented the exuberant happiness that Dr. Hartley insisted on sharing with the newspapers. If one has lived long in Washington, in Boston and in Philadelphia, one knows that it is not good form to use brass bands to testify to excited emotions.

In unmistakable terms she conveyed this to the Doctor. Indeed she threatened to revoke her consent to the marriage.

Dr. Hartley Equal to Occasion.

Imagine Dr. Hartley at this juncture. At the giddy summit of his exaltation to be tripped up on a question of etiquette, and yet he had declared a thousand times that he knew Mrs. Arnett's mind as he knows his own. Mrs. Arnett was then stopping in Philadelphia, and there Dr. Hartley conveyed his physical presence. The situation was too acute for correspondence or even the telephone. But at this critical juncture do you see him entering the drawing room of his beloved? That would be a surrender to the commonplace. A locked door intervened between. On one side she sat, he on the other, and he pleaded, explained, justifying with all the eloquence of which he is master.

Considerable; for Dr. Francis Hartley, when not engaged in the practice of medicine or of selling Cuban lands, expounds in the pulpit. It is a special cult of "New Thought," that is his creed.

No mere wood could neutralize the X or Y rays of his voice and personality. The widow saw the light and succumbed to his fiery enthusiasm.

Then the final date was set for the wedding. The wedding that was to be different from every other wedding—just to prove the doctor's faith and show dull twentieth century Baltimore and Philadelphia folk that the old troubadours had nothing on him when it came to a demonstration of love.

Moreover, a few days before the ceremony the registered mail brought to Mrs. Arnett a deed to Dr. Hartley's property in Baltimore—house, lot and other tangible things, not fully described so far.

Could Lochinvar, however bold, or Provencal troubadour do more?

Veiled During Ceremony.

On the evening of Nov. 11 Mrs. Arnett arrived in Baltimore and was met only by Allan Hartley, the Doctor's son. She wore a thick black automobile veil. The young man escorted her to the Franklin Square Baptist church, where the brave and faithful bridegroom awaited her. A few friends were present. The soul mates stood with clasped hands before the pastor, her features relentlessly enshrouded by the dark drapery; he trembling, eager, resolute, but his eyes determinedly averted. The fateful words were pronounced. They were husband and wife.

Then slowly, gently, Mrs. Hartley raised her veil and for the first time showed herself to her husband.

Her photograph, those say who have seen the unveiled bride, does far less than justice to her undoubted physical charms. Dr. Hartley's friends insist that while he may have found a soul mate he has undoubtedly married a very agreeable, cultured and decidedly comely woman.

And both are as happy as happy can be.—Sunday Magazine of the New York World.

Wisdom of Women.

Women are the inheritors of the oldest, most universal human wisdom. They have more sense than men, for the simple reason that a man has to be a specialist, and a specialist has to be a fanatic. The normal man all over the world is a hunter, or a fisher, or a banker, or a man of letters, or some silly thing. If so, he has to be a wise hunter or a wise banker. But nobody with the smallest knowledge of a professional life would ever expect him to be a wise man. But his wife has to be a wise woman. She has to have an eye on everything an eye on the things that fanatical bankers forget. If the banker is melancholy, she must teach him ordinary cheerfulness. If the banker is too convivial, she mut teach him ordinary caution. If she had four husbands, she would be an optimist to the pessimist, a pessimist to the optimist, a Pagan to the Puritan, and a Puritan to the Pagan. For she is the secret health of the world.—Chesterton.

Jura Centenary.

Preparations are being made for the celebration of yet another Swiss centenary—that of the admission into the confederacy of the Bernese Jura, which the powers added to the canton of Berne after the downfall of Napoleon. The territory had previously belonged to the prince bishop of Bale; and the change in its status did not, at the time, satisfy either its inhabitants or the Bernese. The latter only accepted the addition to their dominions reluctantly, as an inadequate substitute for their lost possessions in the cantons of Vaud and Aarau. The former would have preferred to join either the canton of Bale or that of Neuchatel. The powers, however, settled the matter over their heads; and the arrangement has worked well, in spite of the fact that the Bernese are German-speaking Protestants and the Jurassiens are French-speaking Catholics.

IS SENTIMENT LAW?

By GEORGE MUNSON.

"But law and sentiment are the same thing," said Rogers, the old corporation lawyer. Somebody had been lamenting the average juryman's inability to bring in a verdict upon the evidence alone. "Sentiment is law," Rogers repeated. "It is law in its embryonic state, uncrystallized, but often better law than written codes.

"Do any of you remember the Bright murder trial of the late seventies?" he continued, looking round at us. "No? Well, there have been many murders since then, and doubtless it was not of epoch-making importance. Yet I was led to undertake the defense of Howard Bright through sentiment.

"It was pretty Lorna Bright, the cousin of the young man, and secretly engaged to him, who persauded me, by her protestations of Howard's innocence, to undertake so desperate a case. Old Charles Bright had driven his son from his home, because he preferred the life of a musician to entering his business, and had forbidden Lorna, his niece and adopted child, to have anything more to do with him, under penalty of being disinherited also. That was six months before the murder occurred.

"Charles Bright was one of those cantankerous old men who are cordially hated by their neighbors. He had a big estate at Lanark, Md., to which he retired after having disposed of the business which he hoped Howard would inherit, at a price of two or three hundred thousands. Among those who hated him most strongly was Pete Jones, a small farmer whose lands he had taken when a mortgage fell due. Jones was a violent, and also a crafty character. He had made no open threat of violence, but the old man had been in sufficient fear of him to have him arrested once as a vagrant. The charge fell through, and Jones lived around the village, doing odd jobs, and cherishing a burning hatred of old man Bright.

"Now we come to the murder. On Thanksgiving eve, 1875, the servants of the old man were aroused by a cry

Came Upon the Rifle.

and the sound of a shot. They ran out of the house and saw their master lying dead with a bullet wound through his head. Some fifty yards away stood Howard, a rifle in his hands. He made no resistance and was arrested and duly committed for trial.

"Some said the rifle was still hot, but others denied this, and anyway the case seemed so clear that this question did not figure for much. There might have been time for the barrel to cool after the discharge. What was obvious was that Howard, having apparently learned that his father intended to sign a will disinheriting him, had crept up to the house and murdered him.

"As I said, gentlemen, it was Lorna Bright who insisted that I undertake her cousin's defense. She had been in the house at the time of the murder and had known no more than the servants; yet she was confident that her cousin was guiltless.

"Howard's story was that he had come home on Thanksgiving eve, to seek a reconciliation; that he had brought an old rifle he had taken away, with a view of joining his father duck shooting on the Potomac, a sport to which the old man was very partial, and in which he always used a rifle. As you know, duck shooting with rifles is the supreme test of marksmanship. When he was within fifty yards of the house, however, he heard a rifle discharged in the distance and saw his father, who had been standing near the door, fall forward dead.

"I was convinced of the young man's innocence by my first interview with him. A lawyer has little difficulty in discovering whether or not his client is guilty, and Howard's quiet protestations, joined to Lorna's pleas, set me to racking my brains to discover the real murderer. Of course I assumed that Jones was the guilty man. Jones was at this time living in a cabin about fifteen hundred yards from the sight of old Bright's house. He was known as a good shot; it was barely possible that he had taken advantage of Howard's arrival to pay off old scores and throw the onus of guilt upon an innocent man.

"Yet there seemed no way in which Jones could be trapped. He had no rifle, so far as anyone was aware, and, if he had had, it would have been impossible to discover the calibre of the bullet, which had torn a jagged hole through the skull and passed out near the nape of the neck.

"All at once I had an idea. The body had not yet been buried, though the inquest was over. It occurred to me that a bullet fired at such short range would have had velocity enough to have drilled a clean instead of a jagged hole in the head. I examined the wound and found, not only that the wound was hopelessly torn, so far as measuring its size went, but that, instead of being parallel with the earth, or horizontal, it had a downward angle of some 35 degrees.

"That discovery sent me wild with eagerness. It was easy to deduce from this that the bullet had been fired from a considerable distance. As you doubtless know, gentlemen, at all but point blank ranges the sight on the rifle is elevated, so that the ball, in its trajectory, takes first an upward and then a downward course. In other words, I had here a triangle, one angle of which measured 35 degrees, and the base line, as I surmised, about 1,500 yards—that is to say, the distance between the murdered man and Jones' cabin. The two other sides, of course, represented the ascending and the descending lines of the bullet's flight.

"The rifle, I deduced from this, must have been sighted to 1,150 yards.

"Three hundred yards from Jones' cabin there was a small dry watercourse in which a man might easily lie concealed and have a clear line of sight upon the front porch of the Bright house. If my surmises were correct, Jones had lain here and from this spot had fired the fatal shot.

"The district attorney consented to take a walk of inspection with me. I explained to him that I wanted to look over the ground; on the way I told him of my theory. He rediculed the idea, but together we made our way into the swampy bottom of the dried-up rivulet. Suddenly we came upon foot tracks converging toward a single spot from either bank. I stooped and scraped up a few handfuls of earth. After a moment I came upon the rifle barrel.

"When we had disinterred it we found that it was sighted to 1,150 yards.

"That is all, gentlemen. Jones, surprised, made a complete and dramatic confession, and afterward paid the penalty of his crime. But, as I was saying, sentiment has its proper place in law, and if sentiment hadn't led me to undertake young Howard's defense he would have died a shameful death and Lorna Bright would not have been a happy wife for nearly forty years."

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RUN WIRES UNDER GROUND

Telephone Cable System, Connecting Ten Large Cities, Put Beyond Reach of Disaster by Storm.

One of the big intercity underground telephone cable systems in this country, with ten large cities on the main trunk line, has just been completed, and for the first time the telephone of the northeastern part of the United States is safe from the winter's snows and winds.

This underground telephone cable runs for 450 miles from Boston, the headquarters of the American telephone and Telegraph company, to Washington, the capital of the nation. It runs through and connects the cities of Boston, Providence, Hartford, New York, Jersey City, Trenton, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore and Washington.

Practically the first serious consideration of the necessity of such a step was given after the blizzard of March 4, 1908, when so many cities were cut off entirely from the outside world, both in transportation and communication.

In this actual construction of the cable line, in forty-mile lengths, the amount of material used was enormous. There were 4,690 reels of cable required, with a total weight of 8,900 tons, a load for 392 freight cars. The weight of the copper wire was 5,860,000 pounds and the total length of the wires is 347,424,000 feet. The lead sheaths for the wires total 11,060,000 pounds and would cover an area of 169,400 square yards.

Each individual wire is wrapped along its entire length with a specially prepared tissue paper, and the amount of the paper used would cover an area of 2,900,000 square yards. In the cable are seventy-four pairs of duplex cable wires.

Poor Augustine.

Militancy never showed itself to a less considerate mood than when it heaved a dead cat at Augustine Birrell, secretary for Ireland. No one in the British cabinet is more careful of and grateful to the amenities of life than the Hon. Mr. Birrell, and we know he particularly shrinks from dead cats as hideous, however much he might admire a handsome Persian on the hearthrug.

The wild ladies of England have saddened his life enough as it is. One of his former experiences was to be kicked in the shin. We know that Mr. Birrell particularly dislikes this form of assault, even as he dislikes having his hat crushed down over his face, which, we believe, was another outrage to which he was subjected.

We regard Mr. Birrell as a gentleman who infinitely would prefer to have the house of parliament burned over his head than to accept such affronts to his personal dignity, and it is his fate that no militant ever does him a dignified damage, but always puts him to an annoying slight.—Chicago Tribune.

Horticultural News

AMONG SMALL-FRUIT BUSHES

Guard Against Ravages of Rabbits by Using Thick Paper, Gunny-Sacks or Regular Protectors.

(By L. M. BENNINGTON.)

With the exception of raspberries, which should be attended to early in the spring, all the small fruit bushes should be pruned, sprayed and fertilized, during the late fall months. This will include the gooseberries, currants, blackberies, grape-vines, etc.

After all danger of "bleeding" is past, the grape vines should be carefully pruned, and all posts and trellises straightened up, which will guard against doing this work in the spring when it will damage them. Old straw or cornstalks make a good fertilizer here, and then a goodly per cent of wood ashes should be supplied to furnish the desired muriate of potash, which will keep down the too rank growth, thus guarding against fungous diseases and rot, and giving the fruit an excellent flavor, and good size.

Where one failed to sow oats to form the mulch in the strawberry bed, a covering of straw should be provided to protect the plants from severe freezing weather, and to furnish a fertilizer next spring.

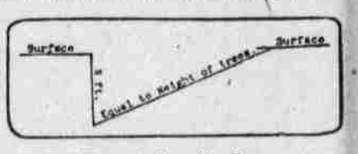
All fruit bushes or orchard trees which are where the rabbits can reach them, should be wrapped in thick paper, gunny sacks, cornstalks, screen wire, or the regular tree protectors made of veneer, this protection extending 18 or 24 inches from the ground, so the snows of winter will not enable the animals to gnaw the bark from the trees.

Young and tender fruit plants should be carefully bent down to the ground, a quantity of straw placed on them, and a few spadefuls of dirt carefully spread over them to protect them from severe freezing till spring, when this straw may be scattered around them for fertilizer.

FALL TREATMENT OF TREES

Should Be Carefully Heeled in to Secure Best Condition for Planting in the Spring.

In the Northern prairies, with the exception of strawberries, it is not a good plan to plant out stock in the fall but if carefully heeled in as soon as received it will be in the best possible condition for planting the next



Trench for Heeling.

spring, and will be on hand ready to plant at the time most proper and convenient, says The Farmer.

Select a spot where water does not stand, and where potatoes or grain would do well. Dig a trench two feet deep where the roots are to rest and slanting up toward the surface where the tops will be, as indicated by the illustration.

Break open the bunches and lay the trees and berry bushes with their roots in the deep part of the trench and their bodies and tops lying on the slanting bottom. Work in the dirt among the roots as carefully as in planting. If you cannot get in all of the stock in the first layer, one or two more layers may be put in, keeping the dirt carefully worked in among the roots and tops.

When all the stock is in and well covered with the earth, pour in all the water that will soak away, and then fill up the trench with all the dirt thrown out, and finish by covering with a heavy mulch of straw or other litter held in place by sticks or boards. The object of the mulch is not to prevent the ground from freezing but to keep from alternate thawing and freezing.

Setting Small Fruit.

Set raspberries and blackberries in rows seven feet apart and two and one-half feet apart in the row. Nip back the canes when they are about two feet high. Of the red raspberries only Shaffer and Cuthbert need be nipped back, for the others will not grow very high. Blackberries should be laid down for winter and the whole cane covered. Raspberries can simply be bent over and the tips of the bushes covered with soil. Mulch in the row with manure and cultivate between the row. Currants and gooseberries are the most profitable small fruits grown. Set them in rows seven feet apart and five feet in the row. Thin out so as to let in the air and light freely. As soon as the leaves start in the spring, go over the bushes and sprinkle with water, to which paris green has been added—one-half teaspoonful of the poison to a pail of water.

A New Cherry.

The Bing cherry is a sweet variety that has attracted more than the ordinary amount of attention, says Farming. It has a very solid flesh and a flavor of the highest quality. The tree is thrifty, upright, very hardy and productive. A fine shipping and market variety. It is excellent for canning and for dessert fruit. The variety comes from Oregon, where it was originated by Seth Luelling, a noted cherry-grower.